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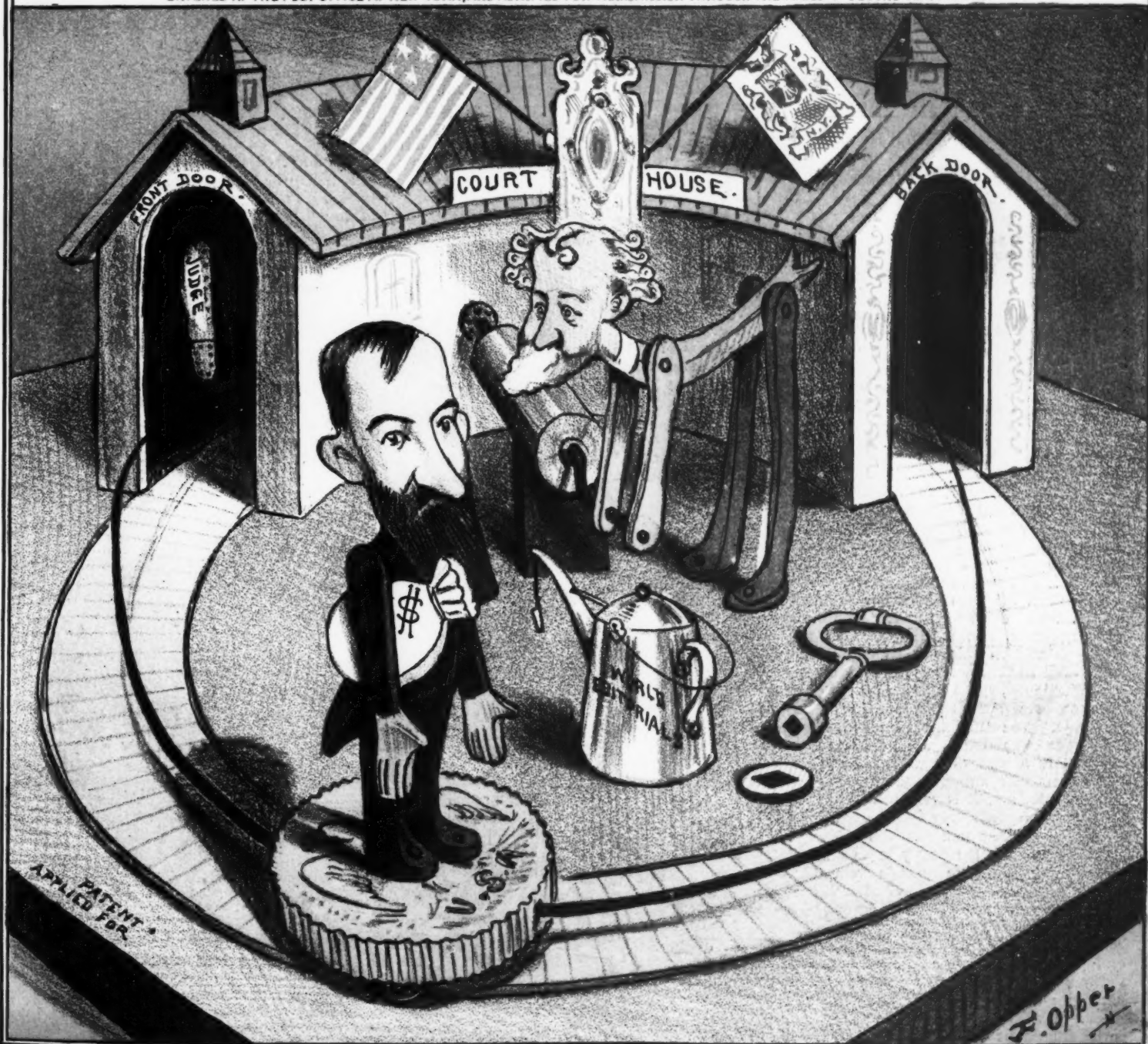


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EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

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Every cloud has a silver lining. That is where it differs from PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883—out next week—which has a gorgeously gold cover. Besides, PUCK'S ANNUAL—price twenty-five cents—is not a cloud, but a thing of beauty and a joy for 1883 and the remainder of the century. The above is not a portrait of Mrs. Langtry, but of a much more classical beauty, depicted in the act of smiling a rosy smile at the funny articles, epic poems, Congressional speeches and High Church sermons that appear in the PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883, which will be on sale everywhere and vicinity at the alarmingly low price of 25 cents.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

This, we believe, is Winter. And, looking at it in a calm, dispassionate way, we may frankly say we don't like it. It strikes us as a singularly mean and uninteresting season. We don't like it. We never did. It is all very well to talk of the sparkling snow, and of the keen and frosty air, and of the tinkle of the icicle as it falls from the dripping eaves, and all that sort of thing. Poetry is a good thing in its way. But an ulster, and a chest-protector, and a bottle of cough-medicine, and a nip of something warm and comforting, are better things in their several ways. You can get a good poem for ten dollars; but ten dollars won't cover the bills of the doctor and the undertaker. That is the reason why we don't see any poetry in Winter. Oh, yes, it is very beautiful, all this business about the silently falling snow and the bright, crisp crust that crackles under your feet. But where's the poetry in an umbrella? Did Shelley ever write an ode to a pair of rubber overshoes? No. Why? Because they weren't invented when he was around? No. Because there isn't any poetry in them. There are frequently leaks; but never poetry. Poetry and pneumonia are widely separated. They rarely come together, except upon the obituary ground of George Washington Childs, A. M. Chilblains—perhaps you think there is something poetic about chilblains. We don't.

Give us the early Spring violets and the luxuriance of the Summer's foliage. We wish to raise a voice of emphatic protest against the alleged poetry of Winter. It is raised.

No one will deny that Mr. Jay Gould is at present the foremost American. He may not be the wisest, the tallest, the handsomest, the most virtuous or even the richest, but his doings certainly excite more attention than those of other men. Can anything be more entertaining than the game that is being played by Mr. Jay Gould with the telegraph suits in the courts with the aid of expensive counsel? What matters it if he is kicked out at one end? He is certain to come in at the other and ultimately gain his point. There isn't enough money in the world to keep him out.

If any faith is to be placed in signs and omens, the fashionable church of the future will be of a highly scientific character. The Reverend Heber Newton has lately devoted his talents to putting the Bible in the place where he thinks it belongs, and has gained much gratuitous advertising from his theological feat. And then there is a Nineteenth Century Club which has just been formed to spread the light of reason, and, in a certain way, found a new religion. Humboldt and Darwin and Herbert Spencer and Tyndall and Emerson are becoming the saints of the century. And it is borne strongly in upon us that we might have worse saints. At any rate, it looks very much, from present appearances, as though the church of the present were soon to be turned into a temple of science, conducted with the general idea of educating the masses.

The death of Gambetta is unquestionably a great loss to France. He was the only true democratic conservative statesman that the country possessed, and was a sincere patriot. Although a powerful and flowery orator, with much of the excitability and volatility of all members of the Latin race, he was singularly free from the theatrical mannerism so marked in many great Frenchmen. He did not pose; he was thoroughly honest and terribly sincere in his convictions. He loved liberty, and he loved France, and although the republic may continue to exist without him, it has lost one of its best friends and its strongest pillars of support.

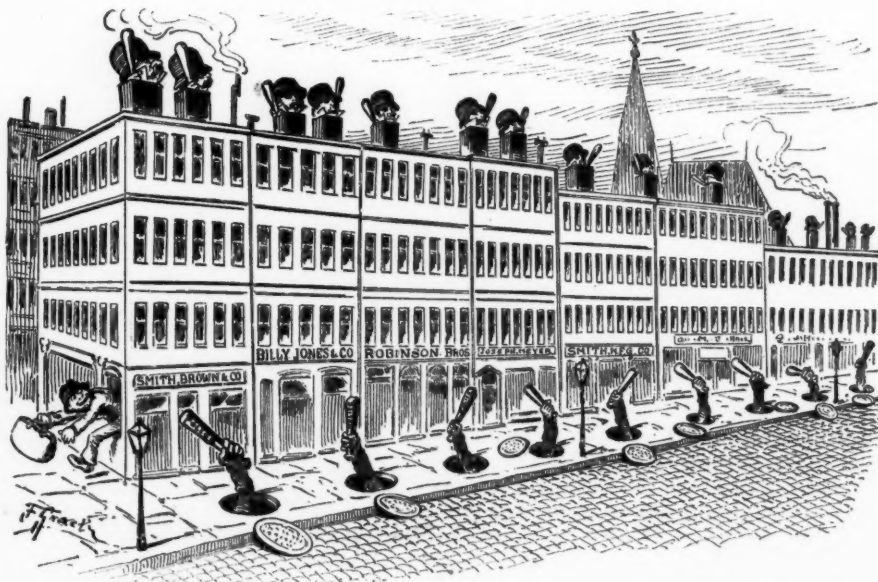
We do not remember whether we have ever said it before or whether we have forgotten that duty; but the New York policeman is a great boon. We will make an exception in the case of Roundsman Delaney, who is simply an honest man who does his duty bravely and intelligently. But the average policeman is such a revelation in the way of incompetency, stupidity, brutality and venality, that he may fairly be considered a boon to psychological science. He is a "find"—a wonderful exemplification of what Nature can do when she feels like it. Let us study him now; for perhaps the time is not far off when he may be supplanted by the reporter-detective of the bureau which Mr. W. R. Balch, in the *International Review*, proposes to establish.

There seems to be a movement on foot in various parts of this broad continent to introduce a radical reform in our time-honored mode of dress. The Louisville papers inform their readers that the proper dress for the New-Year's-Day caller who starts out in the morning is a full-dress suit, with a black or white tie—and perhaps some of these distinguished authorities permit a mild green or a sober yellow tie. And then Governor Ben Butler—he may be Governor of Massachusetts until time ends, but he will never be Governor Benjamin—went to be inaugurated—God bless him—in evening-dress, although the performance took place in the daytime.

We don't object. We are perfectly satisfied. We will be grilled to all eternity before we will do it ourselves; but if the free citizens of this republic wish to garb themselves in broad day as they ought to be garbed at night, and at night only, they may do it for all we care. We are, indeed, willing to give them a lift. We will offer a little suggestion for a style of toilette that will carry out still more fully their subversive idea.

Why not try for New-Year's-Day calling, inaugural ceremonies "and sich" some chaste costume like this: a robe de nuit, ruffled *en redingote*, with a chest-protector *plastron* and liver-pad trimmings, a bandage around the neck, *à l'huile d'olive grasse*, a laudanum bottle for a *boulonnière*, and a dab of tallow on the nose? That would be quite as appropriate.

POLICE PRECAUTION.



ONE OF THE ABOVE HOUSES WAS GOING TO BE ROBBED—AND IT WAS.

TIMELY PREDICTIONS.



"I Predict a Violent Blizzard if Albert don't Bring Home that Seal-skin Sacque To-night!"



"I Predict a Big Sale for PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1883!"

HIS NAME.

PATCHOGUE, L. I., Jan. 9th, 1883.
To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:
As you are the sole judge of the etiquette of humor, I beg leave to submit my unfortunate case to you.

My name is William Mellon, and from my earliest youth I have suffered from puns and jokes on my name. At school the boys used to call me Water Melon so often that I dreaded the sight of the luscious fruit, and when the season for it came around I always hid myself from my fellows until some other fruit made them forget my name. As I grew older the horrors of my patronymic increased. No sooner was I introduced to a man than, if he had a sense of fun, he would not only address me as Mr. Water Melon, but would add, just as I was about taking my leave: "Away with Melancholy," and then laugh for at least ten minutes at the original joke.

Sometimes I would very gently venture to remark that the same pun had been made before, when a cloud would spread over his countenance, and in many cases he would cut me dead forever after. When I got married, began housekeeping, and allowed my wife from time to time to give little entertainments, the agonies I endured in the way of merry jests were almost indescribable. I was never safe near a bouquet, a bottle of scent, Limburger cheese or *haut game*. Some one would be sure to say that Mellon was smellin' it. Down-town the situation is equally painful; I am asked repeatedly, when I am passing down Wall Street, if I am going to rush pell-mell on anybody or anything.

The recent soft-glove encounters between John L. Sullivan and Tug Wilson, and the advent of Messrs. Mace and Slade, the Australian prize-fighters, have afforded my tormentors an opportunity of which they have voraciously availed themselves. I am asked what I know about the *Mell on the Floss*. My agony, too, was excruciating during the British war in Egypt. "Ah, Mellon, old man, what about the camel on the desert?" was the favorite mode of subjecting my name to torture.

And perhaps you think that is all. Well, it isn't. The initial letter of my first name—bestowed upon me in honor of my beloved grandfather, who came nobly up with a mug which nobody ever knew was not silver until the burglars came along and cleaned out the house and left that one article behind them, after scratching right down to the copper—

the initial letter of my first name, I say, being W., I am occasionally treated to a delicate outburst of humor suggested by the fact, well known to American humorists, that a melon will double you up.

Oh, I should be a fortune to *Punch*, if I happened to be a Londoner of notoriety. If I failed in inducing a young lady to quit the paternal mansion for a trip to Gretna Green, that pun-nourished paper would say: "He may be a Melon; but he can't elope."

Even here, in this free and enlightened country, I get more or less in that particular line of torment. I am asked if I scent my handkerchief with musk, Melon; and vulgar brutes inquire of me if I take milk with my mush, Melon.

Once I was sick, and my physician—my trusted family doctor—had the heartlessness to say that I was suffering from cerebro-spinal melongitis. Never mind; I got even with that doctor. I didn't pay his bill. Now he may go off into a corner and ask himself if he ever feels melancholy.

I will not take up any more of your valuable time and space in enlarging on my misery, but I wish to ask you if you can point out a remedy short of changing my name or emigrating to a country where the inhabitants don't know how to pronounce it.

Yours nominally,

W. MELLON.

THE DISMAL SWAMP is somewhere in Virginia; but why migrate thither to find it? Yea, verily, dearly beloved brethren, our candor moveth us to acknowledge and confess that there are more dismal swamps on Wall Street in one day than could be found in a hundred Virginias in a hundred years.

A YOUNG LADY paid seventy-five cents for a new ballad. But on her way home she was thoroughly demoralized by hearing a man on a coal-cart whistling it with all his might. That piece of music has been pasted on a broken pane of glass in the spare-room.

THE FREESOILERS, gentle Mike, were a political clan that existed about forty years ago, and not a gang of non-rent-paying land squatters, as you may imagine.

THE MONUMENT ON WHICH PATIENCE SAT (and is still sitting)—The Washington Monument.

Puckings.

PROFIT AND LOSS—Salvini and Rossi.

A THEATRICAL DEAD-HEAD—Yorick's Skull.

THE INDEPENDENT PARTY—The Servant-Girls.

DIFFICULT OPERATION—Putting a Blister on a Hedgehog.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY—We'll Raise Your Salary Next Year.

WHY is it that when you want to ride to Wall Street Ferry all the empty stages are going up-town?

THE RAILROADS out West think of testing their bridges hereafter before crossing with David Davis on board.

WE HAVE had a "Turkish Patrol," an "Irish Patrol," an "American Patrol." Now it is about time for an "Insurance Patrol."

AN INCH may be as good as a mile, but when a lady is purchasing dry-goods she would rather have the mile, as a general thing.

SHE is a long-headed landlady who doesn't put swell pillow-shams on the couch of the boarder who puts pomade on his hair.

NOW LANDLORDS are preparing to raise the rent. Raising the rent is not a difficult thing for the landlord, but it often bothers the tenant.

MRS. CRAIK says wedlock is a lane that has no turning. Hasn't, eh? Well, Dinah Maria Muloch, you dear little thing, will you tell us how the divorce court originated?

MANY PUGILISTS have succeeded in becoming clergymen, but no clergymen ever succeed in becoming pugilists. The person who will write and tell us why this is so will receive by return mail a copy of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883.

A TELEGRAM from Boston states that on the 4th there was a storm at Mount Washington, and the wind traveled at the rate of 144 miles an hour. This is the way in which a Mount Washington wind differs from a district telegraph messenger-boy.

THE MAN who skips the racket
With any belle of note,
In a swallow-tail
All day may sail
Around in a summer jacket
Beneath his overcoat.

A GILT-EDGED DELIGHT is the kind of thing that fills a man's soul when he is gunning through the closet to find a boot-jack, and accidentally rakes out a last summer's straw hat, and notices the sentimental things that were written in it last July by some little blue-eyed darling in the mountains.

JEFFERSON SAID: "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and no government; than in a country with a government and no newspapers." This kindly criticism was probably the result of some rural newspaper saying that Jefferson left the largest squash of the season at the office, and that his daughter was the finest waltzer at the Branch, and that he was such an honest politician that he ought to be the candidate of all the parties.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Reform is a very nice thing, no matter what shape you get it in. I was always very fond of reform, and have frequently experimented with myself without success. Many of our greatest men are reformers, and many more are not. Trying to reform the Indians is not a very profitable employment, unless you sell them rum. If there is anything I like it is a reformed clergyman—a Dutch Reformed clergyman, or a clergyman of any other nationality. I once knew a Baptist clergyman who ran a swimming-school through the week to secure money to raise the mortgage off his church. It is easier to grow a mortgage than to raise one, because it grows itself and isn't self-raising, like yeast powder or a poet's salary.

If you want to reform your boy, don't thrash him. If you do, you will knock all the wheat out of him. Besides, thrashing never does a boy any good. It often lays him up for a week.

This reminds me of a yellow dog I used to own. He was a very nice dog to look at, but, like the railroad woodcock, he wasn't as good as he looked. Once, when he was laid up with lockjaw, we had to insert food through his neck. A breech-loading dog isn't as great a success as the muzzle-loader. The dog is naturally a muzzle-loader, and this one was loaded with muzzles all through the heated term. This joke was inserted at the earnest suggestion of a number of very dear friends, one of whom is but twenty—a sweet, confiding creature, whose father has lots of money and influence. There is nothing like money and influence when you want a Government position. The Government never advertises for good men, or tries to get them on their merits. It takes such vile specimens of humanity that it is kept busy devising means for their reform.

When the new year sets in every man makes up his mind to reform, but he finds out in a couple of days that he can't. Some men are not reformed by the penitentiary, while some are reformed by their wives. This proves that a good wife is much better than a penitentiary. You can leave your wife, but you cannot leave the penitentiary. It is only proper that a man should not be allowed to leave state's prison whenever he wants to, because the place would soon be empty and the guards would be lonesome. A guard never likes to be lonesome, and that's the reason policemen go into area-ways to have a sociable chat with the cook.

Now, where is the man who can reform a cook? Yes, where is he?

No man can reform a cook. She will light the fire with kerosene, and fry steaks, and put cold plates on the table in the middle of winter, and throw silverware in the garbage-barrel with the same lordly air that a Long Branch hack-man lights his cigar with a ten-dollar note.

And yet servant-girls, reckless as they are, manage to secure husbands. A society belle who could be proven to be half as careless as a servant-girl, would not find it easy to get a husband. Take a society belle, for instance, who wouldn't manifest enough interest in her silverware to keep it out of the garbage-barrel. Would any rich man care to marry her? He would not. He would naturally consider her indifference to the salvation of the silverware indicative of other kinds of fatal and expensive carelessness, and keep away from her as a means of self-protection. He wouldn't care to work all his life to keep her in silver; he wouldn't be mean enough to foist a plated article on her, and he would be too high-toned to go out in the back yard every morning and strain the contents of the swill-barrel through an old overcoat or a retired table-cloth.

AGAIN DISAPPOINTED.



Columbia Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a (Tariff Reform) bone;
But when she got there she found it was bare,
And so the poor dog got none.

P. S.—But She Found a Worthless Plate Which Ought to have Held the Bone, and Which had Cost Her Dear Enough.

Then, if he worked his life out for silverware he wouldn't have enough to keep himself in cigars.

But the servant-girl will perform all sorts of unearthly feats. She will drive nails in the wall, and knock varnish off the piano, and leave the baby in the draft, and make herself objectionable and impertinent in every way. Consequently, so many men want to marry her that the area-way is full of Romeos every night, and her modesty compels her to say they are all cousins.

Now, a society belle with a rich father doesn't receive the attention a servant-girl does. In fact, the family has to have kettle-drums and parties to attract young men, who go and have a good time, but don't propose to the daughter. A society belle finds it difficult to secure a husband when her father declines to give land and shekels with her. In fact, it is difficult to hire a young man to marry her.

But the large-footed servant-girl, without a cent, and no beauty or refinement, can generally take her pick. A young man either doesn't get enough to support a wife, or else he gets sufficient to support a yacht, in which case he doesn't want a wife. This proves that reform is a great thing. A man once went to the Feejee Islands to reform the savages. They immediately formed a circle around him and howled in fiendish delight. Then they went off a little way and decided how they would eat him. Having decided, they reformed—that is, they reformed the epicurean circle and told him they would devour him after the dance, which they did *au gratin*.

Civil service is the kind of reform that ought to be brought about among waiters. But if the Government wants reform it ought to start in on Congress, and on all officials with River and Harbor Bill and back-pay-grabbing tendencies. If it would spend half as much money trying to reform itself as it does to enable officials to rob the Indians it would be doing some good. This will probably be understood by the postmaster who chipped in half his salary to hold his position.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

WE HAVE received the following:

SHEBOYGAN, Mich., Jan. 10th, 1883.
To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I inclose you a joke for your paper, which I read regularly:

A QUININE PILL—Rev. Thomas Quinn.

Would it not be a good idea to keep this standing in type to use in case a clergyman bearing the name of Quinn should get into trouble?
J. R. JONES.

No, we will not keep it standing in type; but we would like to keep you standing in a pillory for about six months.
ED. PUCK.

ISIDOR COHEN (to Lemuel Cohen, who has fallen during the last quadrille):

"Wot you be so clumsy for and disgrace der family? You are der laughin'-stock of der room."

LEMUEL:—"Sh-h-h! You vasn't half fly, Isidor. I wanted to feel if dot carpet vas a real Agsminister."

A PLUM OR SO.

"No, George," she said, "I could n't wed
No common person, for,
As I've been told and say it bold—
I'm much superi-or!

"Try on some lass of lower class:
My pa his girl has schooled
To tip her nose at even those
Like Vanderbilt or Gould.

"Posish and gold and names that's old
Some, right enough, adores,
But pa has said 'tis brass and lead
Makes us superi-ores.

"Well, George ain't fly to think that I
Meant biz with him. 'Tis wild!
'Tis madness, sin! his hope to win
A plumber's only child."

JOHN ALBRO.

THE CONKLING-ARTHUR AFFAIR.

[What Might Have Been Seen in the Columns of the "Kalamazoo Clarion."]

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9th, 1883.

I am at last able to lay before the readers of the *Clarion* the full and accurate history of the long-extended coldness between President Arthur and Ex-Senator Conkling—a coolness which has excited the attention and interest of the entire country, and the secret cause of which will be first revealed to the world in the columns of the *Clarion*—ever active, ever alert, ever the first in the field with the news of the day.

You may dismiss as false all previous rumors. I am, after months of diligent research, in a position to put you *au courant* and thoroughly *en rapport*.

The following is the whole story. It appears that, early in December, just when the heart of man should be opening to receive the tender impressions of hope and love and genial charity which ought to be born with the approach of the holy Christmas season, Mr. Conkling went to pay a call on the President. Mr. Arthur had just received a demijohn from Bourbon Co., Ky., and had sent word to his old friend to get up early in the A. M., and call around and get some of the contents of the demijohn before the bottom was worn out.



Filled with every sentiment of joy and gratitude, Mr. Conkling set out for the White House, and ere long reached his goal. His heart beat high with pleasurable anticipation, and the shock to his sensitive nerves was so much the greater when he discovered that the gateway was guarded by a large and active bull-dog, in whose furious and distended jaws Mr. Conkling thought he could detect a subtle resemblance to the hated lineaments of James G. Blaine.

I have facts in my possession which prove conclusively that this cruel and chilling reception was never meant for Mr. Conkling. Private Dalzell was expected on the same day, and some considerate friend had presented Mr. Arthur with a prize pup, which had been carelessly left at the gate. To add to the unpleasantness of the situation, Mr. Arthur, who was in the hall at that moment, happened to remark to the donor of the dog:

"Sick? Make him sick—him? Why, a sea-voyage wouldn't do it."

This was not only ungrammatical in itself, but disastrous in its consequences. The dog, overhearing, misconstrued the familiar sounds, and redoubled his efforts to get at Mr. Conkling, who, without waiting to test the strength of the chain, turned sadly away, simply remarking: "Et tu, Brute?"

But the iron had sunk deep into his proud soul. Revenge, from that moment, became his dominant passion. The great ex-Senator yielded to a base temptation to glut his thirst for vengeance.

Without waiting for any explanation, he stealthily dogged the footsteps of the President, and, awaiting an auspicious moment, socked the head of the nation a snowball in the hollow of his manly back.



President Arthur turned, more in sorrow than in anger, knowing well the futility of engaging in a chase after the elusive small boy; but when he saw by whom the blow was dealt, it galled his natural pride, and he, too, resolved to turn the fires of revenge loose on the friendship of years.

Knowing well that Mr. Conkling was obliged to pass the White House gate every morning, the President waited until the next frost, and ingeniously constructed a slide directly in the path of the distinguished ex-representative of New York State, and awaited the result.



It came. So did Mr. Conkling. So did the collision between Mr. Conkling and the sidewalk, and the rupture of a long and close political friendship between two great men.

You may rely upon it that no other paper but the *Clarion* has this report of a terrible tale of a fatal blunder and a cruel and unrelenting feud. The worst, I believe, is yet to come. When it does, your correspondent will let you know.

THE OLD adage: "Laugh and grow fat," has found favor in the eyes of the New Jersey farmer, who, instead of spending his money on corn to make his chickens robust, gets that effect by reading Puck to them. Boarding-house keepers might fill their guests and keep down the butcher's bill by pursuing the same course.

A YOUNG MAN came to the city determined to get into a theatrical stock company and rival Booth. But he gave up in despair and abandoned the stage on the very first night of his engagement, when the stage-manager requested him to step out before the curtain between the acts and fasten the ocean down.

ENGLISH FROM ILLINOIS.

"I am forced to say, however, that the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads have been dilatory in reaching favorable action on this question. It failed to report the measure at the last session, although several bills for this purpose was referred to the committee early in the session."—Speech of the Hon. R. W. Townsend, of Illinois, delivered in the House of Representatives, Dec. 15th-16th, 1882.

CONCERNING CORNERS.

A school-boy and Emerson would start a dissertation on corners in the same manner. The former would say:

"There are many kinds of corners, such as, etc.," the latter, "There are corners and corners."

So it seems in place to remark at the outset that the subject of corners is a diverse subject. There is, to begin with, the corner dedicated to the occupancy of puss; then there is Jack Horner's corner, rendered immortal by the happy but exceedingly irrelevant rhyme of "thumb" and "plum"—for who ever heard of a thumb so prehensile that it could draw forth a plum?—then there is the corner of a room, where the dust gathers below and the cobwebs above; there is the envelope corner, where a man's wife always pinches his letters to see what is in them; and, finally, there is the commercial corner, where the actual Jack sits, and, regardless of both rhyme and reason, extracts the golden plums, with fingers *and* thumbs, from everybody's pudding.

From this imperfect category it will be seen that the "many kinds" of corners are "too numerous to mention." We shall be obliged, at present, to consider only one of them—the commercial corner. What is it? A "corner" in gold, stocks, produce or manufactures is simply the rectangle produced by one or more persons, who gain control of all the articles in a certain category, and thus render that class of goods inaccessible except upon one side—viz., that offered by the demand, large or small, of the holder or holders thereof.

In the city of New York there has been sitting in front of the great commercial corner of the nation a Senate Committee, and steadily and curiously peering thereinto. This committee has asked the plum-devouring Jack many wise and searching questions, which that well-fed youth, between mouthfuls, has answered with a commendable spirit of necessitous frankness. The dialogue, though by no means Platonic, is not altogether unworthy to be chronicled:

Q. Jack, who makes a profit out of "corners"?

A. Well, sometimes those who sit in them, and make a pretext of abstracting plums. Almost always, though, the owners of the puddings. You see, the more plums I eat the higher price those who have plums can get for them.

Q. Well, then, Jack, if both you and the owner of the pudding gains, who loses?

A. Oh, those who sit in corners, but don't know how to get the plums out of the puddings that come that way. You see, they get a whole lot of puddings on their hands, without knowing what to do with them, and the plums either dry up, or else somebody comes and steals them, and there they are with their old pudding-crusts, and never a plum to show for it.

Q. Why are the accumulated puddings a dead loss?

A. Why, don't you see, they had to make some sort of an offer or expenditure to attract them that way, and then they hold them till they get cold and stale, and nobody wants old puddings—puddings that have fallen in value. We fellows who pull out the plums can get rid of our pudding-crusts as well as they can theirs with the plums in them. The plum, you know, is not altogether a part of the commodity. It depends a great deal upon the plucking.

Q. Well, Jack, to tell the truth, do you think this corner business is just right?

A. N-o-o—not if a fellow goes to Sunday-school, and loves the fellow that gets the prize card better than he does himself.

Q. Come, isn't it just as bad as robbery?

A. No—we don't maul those that bring the puddings.

Q. Well, how does it differ from "taking them in"?

A. We don't take 'em in. They come of their own accord. This pudding that I'm at now—a fellow ran up and left it, and said he'd take his chances.

Q. Don't you call it a kind of gambling?

A. Not much! I never drop a plum up my sleeve.

Q. You sometimes use the word "future"?

A. Yes—future puddings.

Q. In what sense do you employ it?

A. In the sense of foresight—knowing a thing or two. You people think we depend altogether on the telegraph and telephone. That's not so. We have an instrument which we call the telemell—it's our noses. We can smell puddings a good ways off.

Q. Well, to come to the point. How do you make out that all this is legitimate?

A. Just this way. Life is like a brown-paper candy-bag hung up in a doorway. Fortune blindfolds a man, and he goes about striking with his stick till he hits the bag; then all the rest of us pitch in, before he can get the bandage off his eyes, and grab all the candy we can. Most of us are fools and go scrabbling about the floor, getting a dirty candy-ball here and a whack in the head there, and coming out, after all, not much better than the man that was blindfolded; but occasionally a fellow has brains enough to grab up, instead of down, and he is rewarded with a fat handful of sweets, still clinging in the broken bag above the door. Then all those who grabbed down are angry. "Gambler! thief!" they cry, and add an epithet which signifies repleteness: "You have robbed the poor blindfolded man—

shame!" With one accord they pitch upon him, and shake the candy out of his hands, and distribute it among themselves.

Hereupon Jack put a plum in his mouth, and the investigating committee withdrew.

PAUL PASTNOR.

SOME MEN will not marry women who belong to a different church. It seems strange that a man would rather have the church than a wife. Of course the church can't sit up and attack him with a broom at 2 A. M., nor make him pay for caramels and fur-lined dolmans. But, on the contrary, when he is sick, the church can't put mustard plasters on him, or darn his socks, or sew a button on the back of his shirt, or anything of that kind; but, at the same time, if a man prefers a church to his wife, we have no objections—it's his funeral.

"ISN'T THAT a grand fountain over there?" she inquired, as they walked through the wood:—"a grand fountain for lovers to linger near?"

"No," he responded: "I think it a very cheap sort of fountain for lovers."

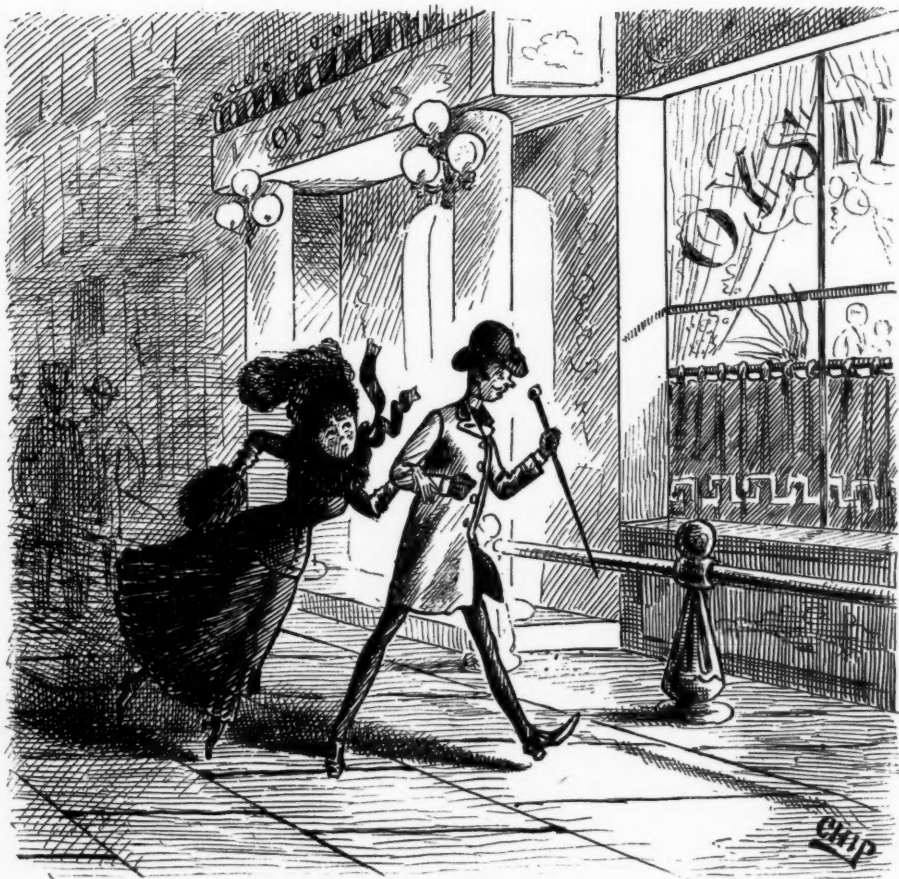
"Will you tell me why?"

"Certainly; it is not a soda-water fountain."

HE is the greatest artist alive, and the one courted most by society, who can carelessly drop a lot of marking-ink on a piece of cardboard, and, after drawing a whisp-broom across it, call it a symphony of twilight and sell it for ten thousand dollars.

THE SUEZ CANAL tariff has been reduced half a franc per ton. This will be good news to David Davis, as it will reduce the expense of his Oriental wedding-tour.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.



YOUNG BIFFENS, THE DRUG-CLERK, HAS BEEN ESCORTING MISS CLARA STRIKER TO THE THEATRE. THE ABOVE SCENE REPRESENTS HIM PASSING AN OYSTER SALOON ON HIS WAY HOME.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



The stage at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE echoes once more with the manly tones of Mr. John McCullough's voice. He is treating the benighted Brooklynites to a round of his favorite characters, including *Virginius*, *Othello*, *Julius Caesar* and the *Gladiator*. Mr. Lester Wallack is playing at his own WALLACK'S THEATRE as *Hugh Chalcote* in a revival of "Ours." The piece is well presented, with all the usual brass-band and military effects. Robertson is fast getting out of date, but he suffers least in the hands of Mr. Lester Wallack, who personates the British swell man of the world, whom Robertson loved to draw, in an inimitable manner. Birch, Hamilton & Backus's SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS played "De Lights o' New York" last week; what they're regaling the public with this week we don't know as we go to press, but we are quite willing to wager that it is something equally roof-lifting. Clara Morris is exhibiting her emotional powers once more at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE in "The New Magdalen," which is becoming rather middle-aged just now.

The irrepressible Vokes Family are playing "Cousin Joe" and "Fun in a Fog" at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. The entertainment would have more merit if the aforesaid family could manage to infuse a little humor into their personations and a little less horse-play. The Historical Concert Cycus is a formidable name to tackle, but when once grappled with it means only that Miss Emma Thursby is singing at CHICKERING HALL, under the management of Maurice Strakosch, all the mediæval and modern music she can lay her hands on, to give her audiences an idea of the various styles of the composers. The Cycus pleases many musical cranks and enthusiasts, but will scarcely pay as well as "McSorley's Inflation," which is at the THEATRE COMIQUE, making Messrs. Harrigan & Hart rivals of Jay Gould and Vanderbilt. Last night Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's new comic opera, entitled "Virginia," was to be performed for the first time at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE. Whether it is to be a "Billee Taylor" success remains to be seen.

The THALIA THEATRE has captured Ludwig Barnay, a scholarly and clever German tragedian. At present he is disporting himself as *Coriolanus*, much to the satisfaction of his countrymen. THE CASINO, rich in its Mauresque blue and gold, has now become a place of regular resort. Mr. Rudolph Aronson deserves much credit for his energy in the matter. "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" is presented nightly, and on Sunday night there is always a grand popular concert. The old comedy of Colley Cibber, "She Would and She Would Not" will soon gladden the hearts of the antique at DALY'S THEATRE. Mr. Charles R. Thorne makes his bow as a star at BOOTH'S THEATRE as *Fabien* and *Louis Dei Franchi*, in "The Corsican Brothers," while Mr. F. C. Bangs turns his attention to the part of *Chateau Renaud*.

Happy will be the audience of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE on Friday night next, for not only will "Young Mrs. Winthrop" be played for the hundredth time, but each person is to receive—not PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883—but, nevertheless, a very tasteful souvenir. We have nothing very new to say of "Iolanthe," at Henderson's STANDARD THEATRE, except that Americans are now beginning to know as much about the House of Lords as the English people themselves. The business manager, Mr. H. B. Lonsdale, and the stage manager, Mr. Chas. Harris, are to be the joint recipients of a benefit at a matinee, Wednesday, January 24th. The programme promised is varied and attractive, and, judging from the well known popularity of these gentlemen, and the general good feeling toward them, a crowded house is a foregone conclusion.

Mr. J. K. Emmet is a star of the first whiskey and water, but the whiskey has so far during this engagement not been obtrusive. "Fritz among the Gypsies" is what is going on at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, in which piece the star is not uninteresting. Mrs. Langtry has engaged Mr. Frederick Schwab as her personal business manager, and Mr. Schwab has hied

him to Chicago. Frederick is a name that somehow or other seems to have special attractions for Mrs. Langtry. We tender our congratulations to Mr. Abbey at having secured the lease of the New Opera House in this city. We may in future expect to have all the best operas produced, with the best artists, by a liberal American manager in a manner to satisfy the American public, which has suffered so much from incompetent and bombastic foreign impressarios.

AND NOW the little boy rides down hill, lying flat on his sled, and as he glides along the snow flies in his face and way down his neck clear to his ribs, and it is strange that he considers it happiness. And it is also strange that the boy will steal out of a nice, warm, snug room for such an adventure. Just fancy a man leaving his fireside, and making all sorts of excuses to get out in the snow and roll around in it. But that is just what the small boy does, and he gleams from this style of fun that life is worth living, after all.

It is stated that the weight of the average man's brains is fifty ounces, while that of the average woman is about forty-five ounces. Yet many a woman with ten ounces less brains than a man will completely upset him, and prove to an impartial world that she knows more than he does when she's asleep. It is a lovely sight to see a forty-oz. woman get caramels out of a sixty-oz. man, and make him believe she adores him, while she is negotiating with another man to be taken to the opera.

WE HAVE read in the papers the list of "Failures for 1882," as reported by the commercial agencies, but have failed to find among them the names of Signor Rossi, Sergeant Ballantine, Secretary Folger, Kate Field, Captain Shaw, of the London Fire Brigade, and Colonel Mapleson.

OUR ESTCON, the *World*, speaks of "horny-handed voters." We presume our estcon alludes to the Democrats who have horns of whiskey in their hands all day.

O CLEOPATRA!



O Cleopatra,
Are you from Florida or Sumatra?
Your head
Is set off by a red
Turban,
Which gives you a suburban
Look,
While leaning on your crook,
Or cane, or whatever it may be.
Am I free

To ask you if that basket on your arm
Was purchased in the town or manufactured on a farm?
Your feet
Are not sweet
To look upon, because, you know, each one's as large
As a barge.
You are dusky
And dusky,
And if I were not husky
I should write more to tell you you're the happy yaller gal
Who is laughing at contents of PUCK's latest ANNUAL,
Which will soon be out for '83, to ladies and to gents,
For twenty-five cents.

THE LAMB ON THE "STREET."

No. V.

Wall Street, January 4th, 1883.



My "bah" has not been heard for some time for many reasons. In the first place, I have kept shy of the "Street;" besides, I am undergoing a remarkable zoölogical metamorphosis, as it were.

From a poor, trembling, innocent, modest little lamb, I am transformed into a truculent, aggressive bear; and in my new character I shall probably cut an important figure for a large portion of the year.

"Why this startling action?" it may be asked.

Because there is nothing else to do under the circumstances. There can be no confidence in the market. Every stock on the list must go a great deal lower, until some of the very delicate ones sink out of sight, never to rise again.

Of course there must occasionally be a little spurt when men who have sold what they haven't got are obliged to buy stocks for safety. But if any one mistakes these little rises for real advances in the market, justified by facts, he is a much more tender and innocent lamb than I am.

The declines will always exceed the advances, and the confiding lambkin will see his margin, if not himself, wiped out in rather less than no time.

Far be it from me to say that there are no stocks of any value in the market. From the few crumbs of information I pick up occasionally, I believe that there are several that are positively worth the money they are now selling at; but, like Humpty Dumpty, they will have a great fall, and they won't get up on the Wall again until the deceased properties are quarantined, and what remains of them interred in Potter's Field.

With the fear of libel before my eyes, I will not indicate which stocks are more dangerous to touch than others. But my dear brother lambs, with very little exploration, can soon gain the necessary information.

Litigation, fraud, "water," false reports do not conduce to inspire the lambs who constitute the stock-operating public with any confidence. Besides, my bankers tell me that business throughout the country is bad and that people have no money to speculate with.

BALAAM BOPEEP.

Answers for the Anxious.

The "lovely gems" which PUCK rejects
Are ne'er returned with best respects.
But what may chance to suit his ends,
He prints for half a million friends.

HASELTINE.—In the midst of life she is in debt.

W. J. D.—Thanks for consignment of taffy, duly rec'd.

J. W. B.—Obliged, dear boy. Will respond more fully next week.

L. D. LEECH.—Much obliged. Do it again. Have put the suggestion on file, to await the fullness of time.

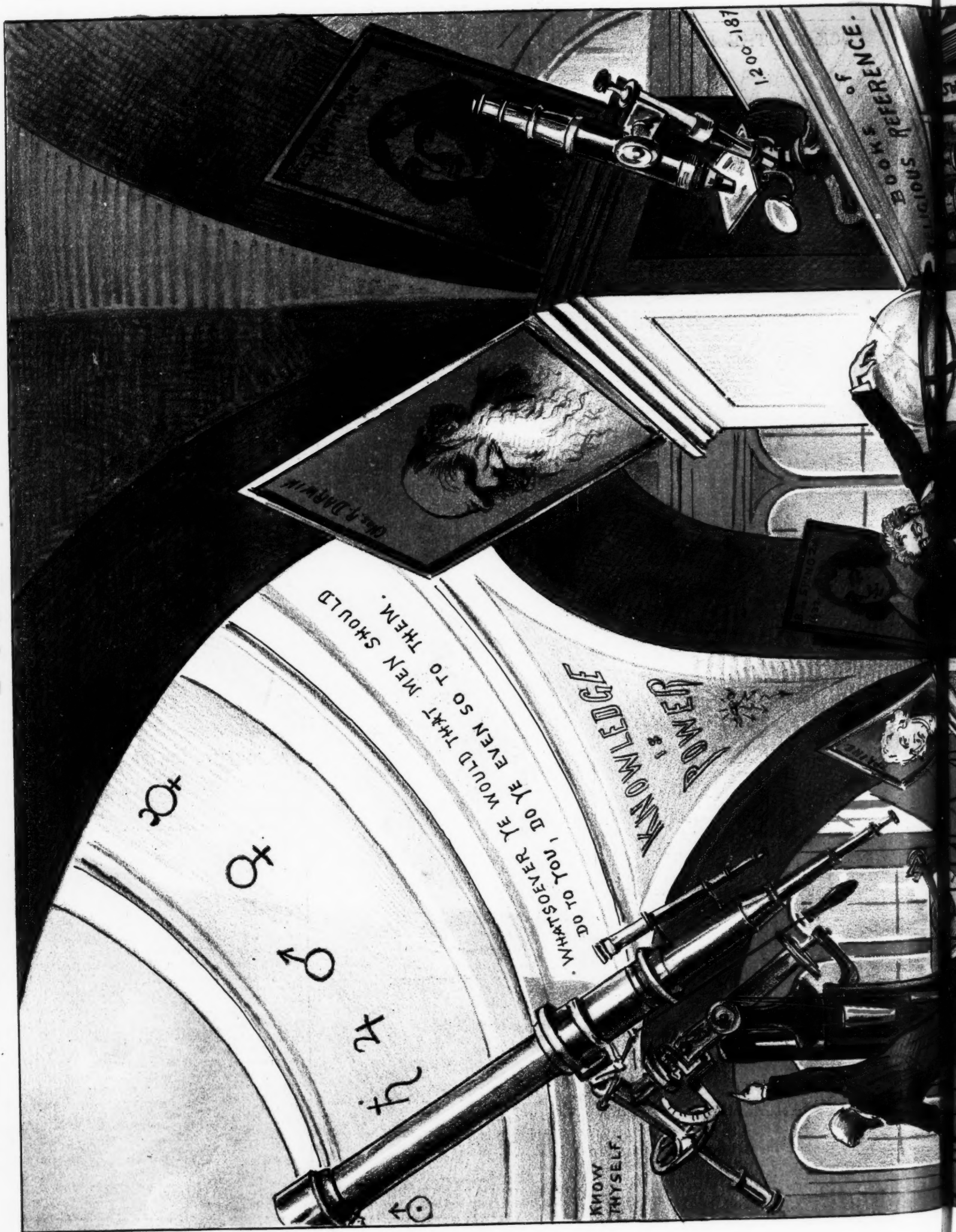
J. LENNARD.—A large cake awaits you at our office. On the top is a delicate inscription in sugar-frosting: "For the Author of the Worst Poem."

UNKNOWN PROFESSIONAL JOURNALIST.—That's a very good paragraph on "the wages of sin." But you ought to have marked it "Add Exchanges," not "Add Puckerings."

"GOOD-NIGHT."—It was very kind of you to worry yourself to write up in verse the story of the school-superintendent who said that the size of a river ought to be judged from the discharge at its mouth, and the school-ma'am who got back at him by asking whether the same rule applied to school-superintendents, and we sincerely trust that you haven't overworked your muse. But that story was tired before you took it in hand, and we regret to say that you haven't refreshed it much.

P. DE LUME, Flint, Mich.—Correspondent? Oh, yes. This metropolis is on the straight yearn to get bright and newsy correspondence from Flint, Michigan. Perhaps we could make an arrangement with you to telegraph a report of the latest fashions in Flint, Michigan? Maybe you could find it convenient to send us the market reports of Flint, Michigan, by pneumatic tube? And when you do, Mr. de Lume, don't forget to give us a little preliminary information. Where's Flint, Michigan, anyway? Where is Flint? Where is Michigan?

PUCK.



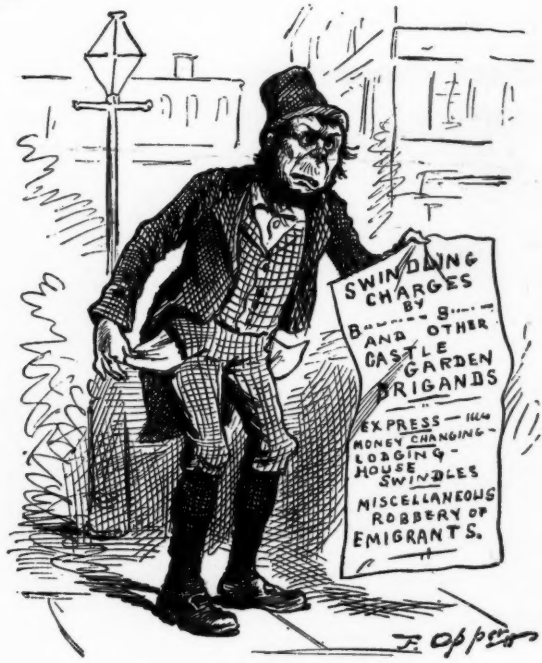


THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF THE FUTURE—FROM THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK.

ERIN'S ERROR.



HIS EXPECTATIONS.
PICKING UP GOLD AND DIAMONDS IN THE STREETS.



HIS REALIZATIONS.
"BEGORRA, OI'M GLAD OI GOT OUT WID ME LOIFE!"

PRAYER vs. MUSCLE.

The connection between prayers and college-boating may not at first sight appear obvious. Nevertheless either the teachings of Howard Crosby, or a timely fear of the Hereafter, induced the young men of Harvard University, at a boating-meeting last week, to declare that "only those students who attend prayers shall be allowed to row in the class-races."

Harvard has been berated for the *nil admirari* style of its students, and for their lack of productiveness and original work; but the most hardened scoffer cannot deny that they have here produced a new idea, or, at least, a novel method of its application.

Now, the ways pursued to win success in boating in the past have almost invariably been such as to afford an opening for the sneers of carping critics. There was one noted sculler who excited general admiration, by his fertility in resources. The first time, if we remember rightly, it was a wire at the stake-boat; the second time it was a cup of tea; the third, poison; and the fourth it was a rencontre between a saw and his boat the night before the race, in which the boat got decidedly the worst of it.

Thus this sculler achieved the distinction of not being defeated in these various races, and of leaving the measure of his prowess a magnificent but unknown quantity, while he avoided the excessive physical exertion which was a disagreeable accompaniment of old-fashioned boating. On the other hand, it cannot be said that he was a victor in these races.

Perhaps in some respects the Columbia method has its advantages. This consists in waiting until the rival oarsmen are tired out and go home, and then rowing over the course alone and claiming the victory. Nevertheless, there are those who declare that the exhibition row of one crew does not constitute a race.

But the Harvard method will encourage direct emulation, and solve an important scientific question, and it appears worthy of commendation. Prayer, as applied to boating, will work an immediate and sweeping change. It will no longer be advisable to select men of bulging muscles, brawny backs and knobby

calves for oarsmen; but the selections should be made among the round-shouldered and hollow-chested young attendants on college prayer-meetings, in whom a tendency to faith and to colds in the head is invariably strongly developed.

The president of one of the two societies at Harvard composed of these young men will probably be made the stroke-oar of the University crew. The other members will, like him, be chosen as strong in piety and the hope of an early death.

Now, it is well known that Yale, on principle, pursues a course opposite to that of Harvard until the Harvard way has been proven the better. It will, therefore, follow that the Yale crew will be selected on principles diametrically opposed to prayer. Probably men will be taken who slyly read Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics," which was pronounced by Yale authorities an immoral book, as well as members of the godless fraternities of "Skull and Bones" and "Scroll and Keys," within whose awful walls there are said to be nightly perpetrated horrors before which the murder of Morgan becomes a blessed deed. Here, then, will be offered a fair test of the influence of prayer.

This, perhaps, will afford more satisfactory results than could follow the test proposed by a certain English scientist of note, who suggested that a given ward in a hospital be set aside to be prayed for. On the one hand, in the next University race, we may expect to see a Harvard praying band as courageous as the Salvation Army, and on the other the scoffing unbelievers of Yale. As the Yale men will by that time have invented a new style of boat, probably some eighth of a mile in length and of extraordinary rig, this race will fairly represent a contest between Religion and Science.

Just how the religion will be applied is not now apparent, but it seems probable that the Harvard eight, on falling behind in the race, will be divided into watches, and that one watch will row, while the other, resting upon cushions brought for the purpose, will fervently pray that their opponents may catch crabs, be seized with cramps, or be otherwise so discomfited that the crimson may pass the finish-line

first. If this be unsuccessful, the entire crew will drop their oars and unite in a fervent petition for victory. Meantime their fellow-students on shore will either join with them, or emit exhortations of the kind once addressed to the priests of Baal.

The issue of the University race, therefore, will be a simple one. The Harvard men will sit comfortably upon their cushions, and by the aid of their prayers be wafted down the river to the finish, a long way ahead of their paralyzed opponents.

But in the class-races at Cambridge, when all crews are made up only of students who attend prayers, there are likely to arise serious questions, which may result in dead heats, unless the winning boat has a marked preponderance of fervency.

Here, however, we suggest that another interesting problem be solved by testing the efficacy of the prayers of the different sects. Let the Freshman crew be composed of Methodists, the Sophomore of Episcopalians, the Junior of Congregationalists, and the Senior of Unitarians. This offers a chance to settle seriously disputed theological questions, and might, in this practical age, result in a general adherence to the sect whose prayers resulted in the largest percentage of successes.

It is a wise move of the Harvard students, therefore, to introduce the previously unknown element of prayers into boating. Let us hope that the movement will not meet with the fate of the Buffalo faith cure, and perish for lack of support. On the contrary, let the students of all colleges resolve that "only those who attend prayers" shall row in their races.

J. R. W. H.

PORT OF NEW YORK—Logwood.

TRUE ECONOMY—When Your Means Fully Justify the End.

NATURE'S GRATUITY—Morning Tipping the Hills with Gold.

NEEDLEWOMAN'S MOTTO—"They Come like Shadows, Sew, Depart."

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLVIII.

THE F. F. N. Y. D. C.



Ya-as, we weally were obliged to go. I am wathah an inferwiah hand at we-sisting pwessing invitations, because when I cah'n't get wid of people by ordinarwy means I save myself twouble by submitting, faw life extends ovah too bwief a perwiod

to allow one's self to be worwied durwing its pwogwess.

"Ya-as, we will come to your affai-ah," I said to a membah of the arwangement: "if Mrs. Fitznoodle waives no objection. I have a stwong wepugnance to aw balls, but considering it is the final one of the season I will gwatify the Dancing Class, and it may pwepare faw my weception."

The fellow went away with his countenance weathed with smiles of satisfaction.

Aw, by-the-way, what a quee-ah thing it is to call an association faw giving balls a class, as if it were a childwen's seminarwy faw administering instruction faw twipping on the light fantastic toe. The name does not suggest to me in the wmotest degwee Almack's, and, indeed, I will not dwaw unfavorwable comparwison with the twaditions of that corwect and, I may aw wemark, arwistocwatic institution.

We weached the ball-woom at the verwy fai-ah wooms of the caterwah and westaurwant-keepah, Delmonico, and, of course, immediately wecognized a considerwable numbah of our acquaintances and a fai-ah spwinkling of our fwinds.

"Awfully glad to see you and Mrs. Fitznoodle he-ah," wepeated severwal membahs of the invitation committee in chorwus: "it is weally an extwemely fashionable gathering; all the gweat, I may aw say the historwic, families of Amerwica are wepwesented, and there are besides severwal distinguished countwymen of yours."

He-ah I gave a nod to young Wooddemon, Salford's son—the Duke, ye know. Wooddemon marwied a wathah pwetty Amerwican gyurl—a fwied of my wife's—of Cweole extwaction. She pwesented a aw verwy satisfactorwy appearance. I took a survey of the woom, and, I must say, was not particularly stwuck or impwessed by the aw arwistocwatic demeanor of the guests, or their ultwa and superfine bweeding, in spite of the assurwances of the managers. In one dirwectiow a wetirwed wetail hattah was pointed out to me. In anothah cornah I observed the comparwatively wecent descendant of an itinerwant vendah of furs.

Furthah on I wemarked a wetired hotel chamber-maid—a widow whose husband was an aw inn-keepah. Then I saw some of the pwogeny of a vulgah ferwy-man who are now wathah interwested in wailways. I espied also welatives of a bankwupt bankah, who failed undah disweputable circumstances, and a host of othah people connected with twading fathahs and gwandfathahs of maw or less shady weputation.

I don't mean to say, ye know, that a fai-ah pwoportion of the women were not pwetty, that the wines and wefweshments were not good of their kind, and that ewerwybody pwesent could not aw boast of the possession of money and a tolerwable share of wespectability; but I cannot wefwain fwom wemarking that there were few othah things to wecommend the en-

tertainment. There were not many weally clewah and cultivated people pwesent. I mean the people of whom I appwove.

The moving panorwama appeah-ed to consist of a cwowd of pwetentious and, in many wespects, ignorwant individuals, who assume to be the *cwème de la cwème* of society, and are verwy far wemoved fwom it. Some of the youngah men positively worwied me with their foppish airs, their outwageously pwonounced dwess, and their horwid and painful attempts to affect the mannahs of decent Englishmen. I am afwaid I shall nevah get ovah my intense horwah of many of these young Amerwican fashionable cubs.

When we arwived home, I observed to Mrs. Fitznoodle that if the people who had parwaded befaw me were the best that New York could pwoduce in the way of society, I did not care about impwoving the acquaintance aw.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

O Juliana Jefferson Dow,
Smile on me kindly, and tell me how
I may win you to flee
To a cottah with me—
A cottah with turnips and pigs and a cow.

O Juliana Jefferson D.,
You have made an obsequious slave of me.
For your lightest whim
I would shed a limb,
And would die if you wished it especiallee.



O Juliana J. D., my dear,
Drop me one poor little word of cheer;
Give me some hope
That you will elope,
And I'll have the conveyance awaiting near.

O Juliana Jefferson Dow,
Give me a nod of your regal brow—
For if you refuse square,
I can catch on elsewhere—
And it's late in the season—I want to know *now*.

A. H. O.

A YELLOW STREET-DOG is never more reckless in the presence of gamins as on a hard, cold day, for then he knows all the tin cans and stones are frozen so solidly to the ground that the boys can't move them.

THERE IS an establishment up-town that dispenses old clothing to poets at reduced rates. The sign over the front door is, "Bardwear."

LITERARY NOTES.—"Inclosed please find a poem."—"We herewith return your poem."

THE BEST EXCUSE FOR SMOKING A PIPE—
The Difficulty of Getting a Good Cigar.

THE LANDLORD FOR JANUARY.

Every month has a zodiacal sign. The sign for January should be changed right off. Its sign should be the good-natured landlord; for at this time of the year the landlord is good-natured and pleasant, and comes around to see you, and tells you you are looking very well. At other times of the year you do not see him. He is off in the country, or else he doesn't care to see you at all, unless you haven't paid the rent. But at this time of the year the landlord always drops around to see if you won't keep the house another year.

He is as polite as a dancing-master as he puts the awful question, and an expression of anxiety passes across his features as he awaits the answer. He starts right in gratuitously and gives you a catalogue of all the improvements he will make. He offers to have old-gold paper put on the parlor walls, and stationary wash-tubs set up in the kitchen, and the boiler mended, and the draft of the range put in good order, and the ceilings frescoed, and the latest style of imported chandeliers planted in the plaster.

Ah, what a change, what a sweet, mysterious change has come over the landlord since last summer! The landlord for June is not exactly what might be termed a good-natured, well-meaning person. He keeps away from you just as though he is afraid of being asked to put rare trees and an Italian-marble fountain in the back yard.

If you meet him in the street, he pretends he doesn't see you. You are the one particular person whom he does not wish to see. If you call on him, he will send down word that he is out, for he fears in the bottom of his heart—if he is possessed of such a thing—that you are going to inform him that the fence has been broken down, and that a rain-storm has filled the cellar, and the servant-girl sails around the kitchen in a canoe while she gets the breakfast ready, and the family sits down to the same in bathing-suits.

The landlord would never have an agent if he were not afraid to face you himself. And he tells the agent never to consent to stopping the leak in the roof, or sending plumbers around to feel the pulse of the kitchen pump-handle, without first seeing him. And then he keeps away that the agent may not see him.

The landlord is a rare old bird, and when he calls on you you ought to jump on him and sing:

We are going to stay another year
In this here
Place,
If you will only race
And secure a plumber
Some time before next summer
To fix the kitchen-boiler and the bath-tub and
the pump.
If you want us for your tenants you have got to
run and jump,
And very quickly mount
Your awful bank account
And kalsomine the ceilings—
And we want some handsome paper put upon
the parlor wall,
And we want the front door painted, and,
indeed, that isn't all—
We are no little tenants for a cent,
O, we are no little tenants for a cent,
And it will not be delightful,
It will just be simply frightful
If you don't reduce the figure of the rent,
If you don't reduce the figure of the rent,
If you don't reduce the figure of the rent;
O, it will not be delightful,
It will just be simply frightful
If you don't reduce the figure of the rent.
Then you will get what you want. M.

HIS NEW IDEA.

Puck's representative and a diluted semblance of a man were companions at a table in a certain restaurant down-town recently. The latter, after gaining his equilibrium in a "four-three-minute-tussle" with a steak, and assuring himself that the "wind-up" had dislocated only nine of his molars, mildly looked up to the P. R.

"Tough, isn't it?"

The P. R. likened it unto a Dakota hail-storm story.

Thus the ice was fractured, and Spring caromed o'er the features of the D. S. of a M.

"Are you a gentleman of means?" he blandly asked: "Pardon me; I am looking for a partner with capital to invest in a new idea."

The P. R. was blending his ten-dollar-a-week salary into a twelve-dollar-a-week boarding-house perspective.

"Yes—some means. Uncle Van. has presented me with the Nickel Plate Road."

The D. S. of a M. clutched at the P. R.'s pet button, drawing him across the table with a *colla voce* movement over the oleo. recep.

There was a vague hoarseness in his voice (occasioned, doubtless, by undigested coffee-grounds) as he hissed a dramatic "Listen!" and it came to pass that he said:

"I was an editor once, the 'funny-man' and the 'Golden Stair' poet, the latter accomplishment excelling the effusions of G. W. C., the Philadelphia Tombstone Æsthete.

"My success in writing humorous articles became so great that the subscribers complained that I was too funny—in fact, the innocent cause of 'inflammation of the tonsil and swelling of the glottis,' so the petition stated—and I was retired.

"Since then I have compiled an 'Index,' which, practically, is an epitome of American humor, such as 'Dropping on the Editor,' 'Corner Grocery Store' articles, 'The Colorado Liar,' 'Bill Nye's Maiden Efforts,' 'The Assyrian Pup's Demise,' 'Arabian Nights' Travesties,' 'Medicated Poetry,' etc. The Summer Department contains in brief: 'Where Are All the Young Men?' 'Mosquito,' 'Seaside Gush,' 'The Fresh-Eggs-and-Milk-adjacent-to-Lake-and-R.-R. Boarding-House,' and so on. By reference to the 'Index' any one can speedily see just how many stories have been written about a certain idea. There are rules appended governing writers who wish to be funny. Even the 'Tramp in the Restaurant' is fully—"

"What head do you come under?" broke in the P. R., as he pulled himself together and shook the crumbs from his lap.

But heart-disease had kindly stepped in, and the D. S. of a M. was wafted up to where funny-men are exempted from writing.

The P. R. passed out a sadder and wiser man.

P. B. G.

MR. LAWRENCE MACKEY is a little of a crank on the subject of collecting ancient coins. Yesterday Uncle Mose, whom Mackey used to own before the war, approached his old master on Austin Avenue and said to him:

"Am it a fac, boss, dat you pay liberally for rare coins?"

Mr. Mackey said that such was his habit.

"Well, den," responded Mose, handing over a coin: "gib me a dollar, and you may add dat coin to yer collection."

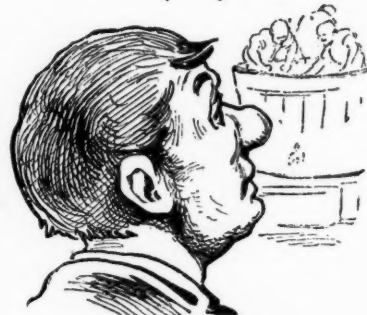
"Why, that's not a rare coin—that's only a quarter."

"I tell you, ole marster, a quarter-of-a-dollar am a berry rare coin wid dis pooh old niggah dese Christmas times. Loan me a dollar, ole marster."

He got it.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE GRAPE AND THE NOSE.

A DARWINIAN STUDY OF BULBOUS DEVOLOPEMENT.



THE Horticultural Society had a discussion Saturday upon the raising of melons, and not a speaker mentioned the good old story, although most of them were boys once, and therefore must have known all about it. Yes, those were happy times lang syne, when you crawled on your hands and feet through the melon-patch, the soft silver light of the moon illuminating your way to the luscious fruit, which you seized with heart-throbbing joy and bore away to your waiting mates, who with ready knives plunged into its emerald rind, to find—"A squash, by thunder!"—*Boston Transcript.*

SOME one has discovered a poem written by President Arthur in 1851. A man's enemies leave no stone unturned to blast his reputation, if possible; and if Arthur's name should come before the next National Republican Convention, some persons will kill his chances of nomination deadlier than a salt mackerel by getting up and reading this poem.—*Norristown Herald.*

IN a Cincinnati court-room, the other day, a witness swore that he never saw his mother-in-law and did not know her name. It made the jury so wild with envy that they forgot all about the case and could not agree on a verdict.—*Philadelphia News.*

SCALES so delicate that they will weigh the thousandth part of a grain are now manufactured. We learned this interesting fact from a coal dealer, who thinks of getting a pair.—*Philadelphia News.*

A MAN who can sit still on the street-car and let a lady look at his feet for two minutes is either a loafer who doesn't care, or a statesman with his mind on the doings of Congress.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT's a mean man who, on entering a railway-car where all the seats are taken, will look out on one side and exclaim: "See that dog-fight!" and then take one of the vacated seats on the other side.—*Boston Post.*

NICE girls never write nice letters. It's the artful ones who know how to make things read well on paper.—*Boston Post.*

Sufferers from Skin Diseases, do not buy remedies that give only temporary relief, but use Swayne's Ointment.

CASTORIA.

Life is restless and days are fleeting;
Children bloom, but they die in teething;
Example take from Queen Victoria,
Children nine all took CASTORIA.
No sleepless nights from babies crying,
Like larks they rise in early morning.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper.

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THE BALLET-GIRL.

With complexion like the rose
Mid the snows.
Due to powder on her nose,
I suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes
And exhibits spangled hose
To her beaux.

When cruel Time bestows
Adipose,
Fairy parts and all those
She outgrows,
And murmuringly goes
To the very hindmost rows,
To pirouette and pose
With the "crows."

When life frayed and faded grows,
Like her bows,
She in garrets sits and sews
Furbelows,
Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose.
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows!

—Lippincott's Magazine.

AN aged and respected New Yorker, who was on a visit to relatives in the interior the other week, was interviewed by a farmer who wanted advice as to how he should start his two sons in life.

"Haven't you anything in mind yet?"

"No, nothing."

"Do you want them to be rich and respected?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, I should send one to West Point and make a great general of him."

"You would?"

"Yes; and I should start the other in the live-stock business."

"What for?"

"Why, to let one lead the army, and the other feed it. It is twenty years since the war closed, and yet we are still making up purses for generals and paying the claims of army contractors. You might as well start right, and give your sons a first mortgage on the United States as to turn out a pair of patriots who can't buy court-plaster to hide their scars."

—Detroit Free Press.

WHEN Kris Kringle descended the chimney of the residence of the Bey of Tunis and found three hundred striped stockings hanging around he was almost paralyzed. At first he thought he had struck Vassar College, and was about filling up the hosiery with chewing-gum, when it occurred to him that he had only a few days before read in the *Norristown Herald* that Mr. Tunis was blessed with three hundred wives. He had to make seventeen trips before all the stockings were filled, and he is now laid up with a sprained back.—*Norristown Herald*.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

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Mysterious law our world controls, To man unknown, by all unseen; But Science circumscribed the poles, And gave us Ferric Odyline.

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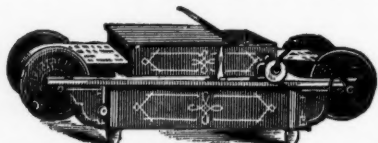
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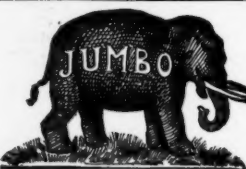
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or other purgative medicine.
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One trial proves its extraordinary
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TRY A 25 CENT BOX.
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CHECKS,
MARTINGALE RINGS,
BRUSHES,
MIRRORS and COMBS,
AT THE
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COMP. IVORY MFG. CO
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Send for the Jumbo Catalogue.

WE were having a long wait at a railroad junction in Georgia, when an old darkey turned up with a basket of boiled eggs and sandwiches. When he had passed around through the crowd, he winked me to step aside, and, as we sat down on some boxes in the freight-house, he began:

"I reckon you's from up Norf?"

"Yes."

"Well, say, I wanted to ax how many kinds of religun you had up dat way?"

"Oh, about a dozen, I guess."

"Cracky, golly!" he whispered: "but dat lets me out! Say!"

"Yes."

"We hasn't got but two kinds down yere—Baptist an' Methodist. 'Cordin' to de Baptist I'ze got to forgive de nigger who stole all my hay las' week, an' 'cordin' to de Methodist I can't lick the onery rascal who tied up my ole mule in de scrub an' left him to starve to death."

"And you want a new kind?"

"'Zactly, sah; 'zactly. I want sunthin' 'at'll answer fust-rate dooin' a thunder storm to keep de roof on de ole cabin, an' which will arterwards let me kotch an' wollop ole Adams de fust time he menshuns dat I went to jail fur thirty days fur habin' one calf too much."

I gave him one, and he was so pleased that he wanted to present me with thirty-one boiled eggs and ten pounds of sandwiches.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A REPORT comes from London that there is a change in the fashion in dogs. Young ladies who have been wearing English pugs to match their complexion, trimmed with plastrons and things, or the Italian greyhound or King Charles's spaniel, cut entrain with jabot and polonaise, will regret to learn that they have gone out of fashion, and they might as well be given to the poor, or sold to the old rag-man. The new style of dog is the fluffy white Pomeranian, with a nose in point applique and shirred ears; or the Maltese terrier, with a silk jacket and velvet lingerie—or somehow that way.—*Norristown Herald.*

He was a lisping drummer and had a pretty good opinion of himself. He said to his partner at a dance in a town not far from Boston:

"I want you'th to understan' that I'm no ordinary wunner. I belong to the firm of Jones & Thun. My father is Jones and I'm thee Thun."—*Boston Globe.*

A MAN at a hotel fell the whole length of a flight of stairs. Servants rushed to pick him up. They asked him if he was hurt.

"No," he replied: "not at all. I'm used to coming down that way. I'm a life insurance agent."—*Boston Post.*

*A Lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney-Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

Ladies can wear boots one size smaller after using German Corn Remover. 25 cents of druggists.

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One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

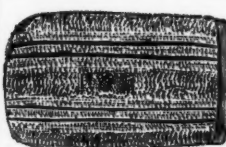


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handy and used to better advantage than the crash towel. Price of Gloves, 75 cents, \$1.00, \$1.25 per pair.

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doesn't sicken or weaken the stom-
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Made of the best materials the market affords, it is pronounced by competent judges to equal the imported beer, either for draught or bottling purposes.
All orders promptly filled. — Price Ten Dollars net per barrel.

WILLIAMSBURG BREWING COMPANY (Limited),

Scholes, Humboldt & Meserole Sts., - - - - - Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

We hope we shall not be accused of exaggeration when we say we have received 1883 calendars.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE American Peace Society, it is understood, will make a strong effort to have all future wars fought solely by policemen armed with revolvers, in order to prevent bloodshed.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN Illinois court has decided that a woman's lie about her age doesn't vitiate her insurance policy. The judge thought that if they expected a woman to tell the truth on that point they deserved to be swindled.—*Boston Post.*

SAID the owner of the pottery works, in reply to a question by a visitor: "No, we never have any work lost. If a dish or cup comes out badly, so that it cannot be sold for the purpose for which it is intended, we dispose of it for bric-a-brac.—*Boston Post.*

IT is now alleged that the rings seen on the section of a tree are no certain indication of the age of the tree. It is the same with the rings on a girl's fingers—though when her digits are garnished with half a dozen the inference is that, although she may be thirty years old, she lacks the sense of the average girl in her teens.—*Norristown Herald.*

A PEDDLER called at a Philadelphia house the other day, and asked to see the head of the family. He was referred to the servant-girl.—*Philadelphia News.*

*The term "hydra" may be used to represent any manifold evil. If you would battle successfully with this many-headed monster of disease you will find it expedient to keep Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound always at hand.—*Dr. Banning.*

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can now grasp a fortune. Out-
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CATARRH
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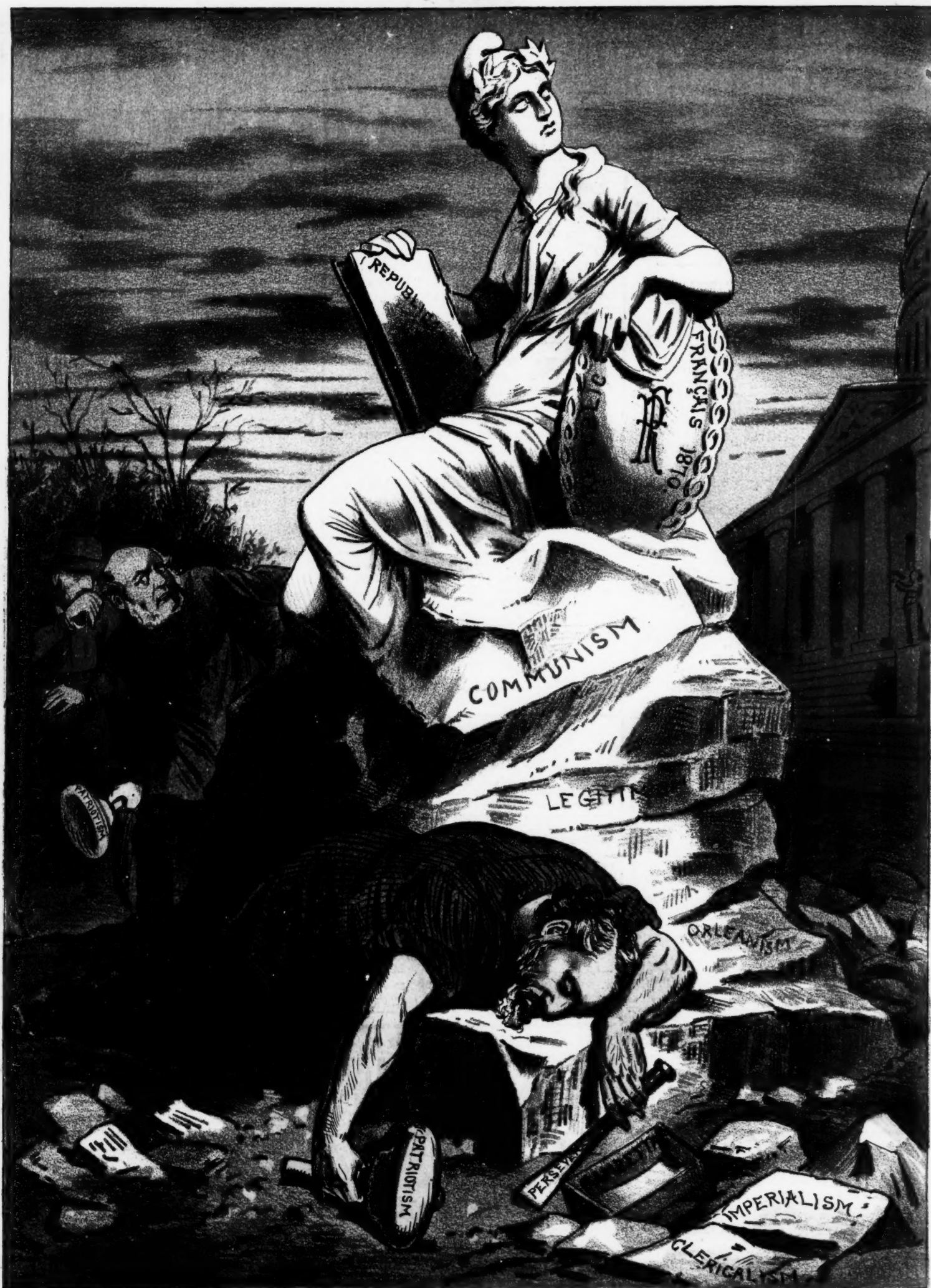
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